Our Fatherless Ones

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless"—Psalm 10:14.

VOL. 27, No. 41. BARIUM SPRINGS, N. C., THURSDAY, FEB. 5, 1920. PRICE $1 A YEAR

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Clemenceau, the tiger of France, has retired. He loved action too well to lead the government of France in peace times.

Judge Walter Clark thinks the women will vote in the June primaries. They usually get what they want and they are never long about it.

Not a few pastors are having their salaries raised. Let the good work go on until all the churches wake up to the necessity of decent salaries to their pastors.

The delegates of our church who atended a meeting of the Inter-church World Movement at Atlantic City early in the year, report, after a careful study, that the cause is worthy of the largest possible co-operation.

Politics has gone to seed in New York State. For politics' sake they are still debating prohibition in New York and calling for a special election. This after prohibition has been put in force by Federal amendment to the constitution, makes New York politics appear childish.

A daily glance at the newspapers will cause one to form the opinion that this year will see more tragedies than any other two years in the history of our State. Homicides are everywhere happening with increasing rapidity. It seems that there is something in the air that causes people to throw all restraint aside and go out for blood. We do not know what this "something" is, but we do know that carrying out the law to the letter is the only remedy for it. Why, the other day a husband in a North Carolina city shot his young wife dead because she had forgotten to place a knife and fork at his place. Can it be that the wholesale slaughter that was enacted in Europe for five years is having its reflex influence on the people of America? Something is wrong, and badly wrong, when so many people thirst for blood and take life with a reckless hand.

Another evil under the sun that is having a rapid growth is the divorce evil. One out of every eight married couples in the United States secures a divorce. That is entirely too frequent, and what is worse, the rate of divorces is increasing rapidly; and it will continue to increase so long as the courts continue to grind out divorces to all who apply for them. We like the old South Carolina law which made it easy to get married, but required eternity and a day to get a divorce. We believe the moving pictures are encouraging the divorce evil by the light, flippant manner in which marriages are entered into; followed so often almost immediately by one of the contracting parties realizing that a mistake has been made and getting a divorce. The daily repetition of this sort of thing can have but one effect: the fostering of the divorce evil among the people. Every little thought and word, often repeated, goes into the making of a life, for good or ill.

The Children's Methodist Home at Winston-Salem is catching step with the new times. A campaign will be started in March by the Western North Carolina Conference to raise $100,000 for new buildings and $75,000 to form the nucleus of an endowmnet fund. We hope our Winston friends will meet with abundant success.

Admiral Sims' charge that our American navy was not a fighting navy in the late war, is absurd. Our navy was doing the most effective fighting at all when they spent their time, all of it, in seeing to it that our soldier lads were safely transported to Europe. Sims' is a good example of the average militarist and the latter's thirst for action, regardless of whether it is wise to seek battle and go in where fools had better keep out. Sims has talked himself into a mighty small man, who is a very unsafe leader.

THE CONTRADICTORY CAMEL.

As far back as history records, camels have been domestic animals, says a writer in Asia; and he adds that there are now no wild camels. These ungainly burden-bearers hold an innate grudge against all who restrain them; they are ever ready to use their long legs to kick their keepers or the dogs that guard them. But in the presence of enemies—wolves and other beasts of prey—the camel is a coward, forgets the very use of his strong legs, and proves his erratic temper by screaming and spitting in terror. No camel wants to be loved, and no one familiar with camels ever entertains the least affection for them.

The poison of all other beasts is the camel's food. He pines and wastes in fat meadows, but grows fat, powerful and savagely-independent among alkali-crusted sands.

Sudden and unreasoning panic is the greatest failing of a camel. The stupidest and laziest camel will show all the coyness of a thoroughbred colt in the presence of a white ston,e a heap of bones, or some sprightly little animal that darts about his feet.

The slightest cold carries him off, and when camel in a caravan dies, the others die. If a camel sinks in the mud, he strains his long legs and is never good again as a carrier. On ice he is helpless. Mongols, traveling in winter, carry bags of sands, which they scatter upon every little patch of ice they approach. —Exchange.

"Every time daddy writes mother a letter," exclaimed a little girl, delightedly, "he prints one for me and puts it in with hers; he knows I can't read the written one yet. Mother says it is harder for him to print than to write, but that that is the only way he can let me know how much he loves me."

Is not this what the loving heavenly Father has done? He has revealed Himself to man in nature, in human history, in the development of events, and the happenings of His divine Providence. But not all of us are able to understand His message in these forms. So He has given us His Word, written in human language. In this He explains himself to man, illuminates His pathway, reveals His love. The Bible is the supreme proof of His love and His desire to save into the uttermost all who call upon His name.—Exchange.

THE AWFUL TRUTH!

The most shocking and distressing tragedy that ever happened at Barium Springs took place last Monday afternoon. It is so deplorable, so grievous, so hideous, so unexpected, that we cannot believe it is true, even though we heard the facts with our own ears and saw the object of the tragedy with our own eyes. It all came as a thunderbolt from a clear sky. And yet, we must face it; we must tell the horrible truth; deliberate, cold-blooded murder has been committed, and one of our number is a murderer, fleeing from the wrath to come.

Laurie Auten, who was between 17 and 18 years of age, was the victim, and George Davis, aged 16, is wanted for the crime. Amos Pearson and Horace Waters, aged about 14, were the only witnesses.

The facts, as gathered up to the present, are as follows:

Mr. J. D. Lackey, farm manager, was asked to attend a sale Monday morning to make purchases for the Orphanage. He left word that he might not get back by work time for the afternoon force and Laurie Auten (in whom he could place all dependence) to take the evening force and cut and haul wood.

George Davis was in this group and it seems he resented taking orders from Laurie and refused to work after they had gone to the woods. A quarrel followed and George went to the house—about a mile distant—for a gun.

Two boys who saw him returning with the gun report that he said he wasn't going to let anybody "run over" him. Later the two boys mentioned above heard the report of a gun. This was about 3.30. They supposed he was "beating out" and had gone hunting.

Supper time came and Laurie Auten, George Davis and Horace Waters did not appear. Neither were they at study hour. When they did not appear for "prayers" at 8.00 o'clock an investigation was started. The boys who saw George Davis with the gun told what they had heard.

A searching party was organized, and about 9 o'clock the lifeless body of Laurie Auten was found. The sheriff and coroner were notified.

At the coroner's inquest it was recalled that Amos Pearson, a boy of sub-normal intelligence, was working with that group and he was summoned. At first he professed to know nothing. After the sheriff threatened to take him to jail he confessed and told all he knew.

George Davis had threatened to kill him if he told. The little fellow was completely unnerved and has been so ever since. He saw too much for a boy of so tender years. As told by Amos this is what happened:

George returned with the gun and advanced to within about ten feet of Laurie and demanded: "Now mash my mouth, like you said you were going to." Laurie replied: "I can't; that gun is aimed at me, and it's cocked." Thereupon George is alleged to have pulled the trigger and the full load entered the forehead and right eye of the victim. George is reported to have gone forward and shook Laurie and said: "No, you won't mash my mouth, 'cause you can't." It seems that George had intended to kill another boy also but Mr. Lackey had sent for him to do other work and therefore he was not present when the tragedy took place.

Some time Monday evening George replaced the gun, changed clothing, wrote a note asking his younger brother, Coley, to return a book he had borrowed from Prof. Hyde, and then, taking Horace Waters with him, left for parts unknown.

LAURIE AUTEN.

Laurie Auten, who came to the end of his earthly career in such an untimely manner, was developing into promising manhood. Less than a month ago the man under whom he worked said Laurie was the most dependable boy he had. He was a boy who could shoulder responsibility and carry on. He was no shirker. While he was not what you would call a boy of lovable disposition, yet there was no deceit in him. He was frank, and outspoken, and honest, and true. We hope and trust all is well with his soul. He was a member of Little Joe's Church, and so far as we know, was a conscientious and faithful member.

His remains were conveyed to old Steele Creek Church Wednesday morning and funeral services and burial was about 11 o'clock. The floral designs and wreaths were profuse and very beautiful.

The following named people attended the funeral from Barium: Dr. H. M. Parker, Misses Janie McEachin and Verna Woods, Messrs. J. D. Lackey, Furman Long, Sam Howie, and possibly others.

Laurie Auten came to the Orphanage about eight years ago from Mecklenburg county. His parents are dead, his mother dying when he was only a few weeks old. He was taken by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cathey and made his home with them until he was ten years old, when he came to the Orphanage.

The taking of Laurie Auten is the saddest, most heart-rending tragedy that ever happened at the Orphanage. Workers and children alike are bewildered, and a shroud of exceeding sorrow hovers over the Home. It comes to one again and again as only a dream—impossible—and yet true, all too true, and stunning in its fearfulness. No one here will ever forget February 2, 1920. It marks the day when a loved big brother came to a tragic end, and was called without a minute's notice to answer roll call in the realms of immortality.

Home Happenings

The first of the week found Supt. Walker confined to his room with a severe cold.

* * *

The influenza is all around us, but thus far we have escaped. It is entirely too close to feel comfortable.

* * *

The ground hog had to see his shadow, and of course the weather man took note and governed himself accordingly.

* * *

—Mr. E. J. Price and Mrs. C. W. Cathey, relatives of Laurie Auten, the murdered boy, were here Tuesday and Tuesday night.

* * *

As we go to press, Supt. Walker is still confined to his home. He regretted very much his inability to attend Laurie Auten's funeral.

* * *

The remains of Joseph Grant, adopted son of Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Parker, arrived in Statesville from Fort Russell, Wyoming, last Friday, and funeral services were conducted Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and burial was at Oakwood cemetery, Statesville. Through an error we were made to say last week that young Grant's name was Stewart.

Every time John D. Rockefeller donates a few hundred millions of dollars to some worthy cause, the price of oil and gasoline advances almost immediately. Such giving will not aid John D. very much in getting by the pearly gates. When you give something that you take from another you do not give at all.

MIDWINTER.

Midwinter! But the gracious skies are blue,
Save where the apple-green horizon line
Glistens between the interlacings fine
Of dark elm branches. Soft winds wander through
The tufts of meadow grasses, gaunt and few,
And, golden-tipped, the cloudy willows shine
Along the far-off brooks. Our hearts divine
Old Winter sleeps, and smiles, as sleepers do,
Dreaming of winsome Spring. May all sweet dreams
Come true!

—Katharine Lee Bates.

A WHISPER TO THE TEACHER.

Go speak to Jesus first,
Then to the child. Go let Him speak to thee,
Who taught on earth in Judah's waning days,
On mountain slopes, along the pebbly beach,
And on joyous billows of the sea.
Yes, in the closet hear His voice, who spake
As never man did speak. Ask for His mind,
Whose patience bore the burden of a world.
Ask trustingly; the promise is to thee;
Thou shalt receive. Then meet the child as one
For whom the Saviour died. That ransomed soul—
God knows!—it may be given thee to lift
The little fledgling to an angel's seat!
Oh! touch not heedlessly the cords that thrill
To gladness or to woe. Lay gentle hands
On things that tell the tale in other worlds.
Go speak to Jesus; wait His answering word;
Then tell the trusting child like one who comes
Transfigured from the mount of prayer.

—From a Teacher's Journal.

Our Fatherless Ones

REV. W. T. WALKER, Editor-in Chief.
JAS. P. GRAY, Editor.

Published Weekly by the Presbyterian Orphans' Home.

THURSDAY, - - February 5, 1920.

THE H. C. L.

There is really no ground for hope of lower prices during this year. On the contrary, there is every indication that prices will be higher during 1920 than 1919. The arrival of the new mail order catalogues make this fact of greatly-increased prices a certainty; and local merchants are getting ready for a general advance. Mr. Edmunds, who is the editor of the Manufacturers' Record, and is of course well informed, is of this opinion. He says the government has made a great mistake in holding out the hope that it will reduce the price of food. He has no idea the government can do this, and its failure will breed discontent upon which Socialism and Bolshevism feed. Mr. Edmunds shows that the grain crop of 1919 is 25 pr cent. less than that of 1918. The supply of beef cattle from Kansas has been greatly diminished and so has the production of poultry. The acreage in cultivation last year was 10,000,000 acres less than for the year 1918. This falling off in acreage is due to scarcity of labor. Mr Edmonds feels that a threat to reduce the price of farm products will cause the farmers to cut down their acreage still more. And so it goes the world over. Everybody is doing less work and wanting more money This causes under-production and under-production is at the root of high prices.

Thomas Edison is beyond a doubt the greatest genius and inventor of the age. The following words of wisdom from him are worth passing on to our readers:

"I have never had time, not even five minutes, to be tempted to do anything against the moral law, the civil law, or any law whatever. If I were to hazard a guess as to what young people should do to avoid temptation it would be to get a job and work at it so hard that temptation would not exist for them."

We think that advice is invaluable to any young man who wants to climb rapidly and surely on the ladder of success.

Foxy old Lenine and his government of bolshevists have at last been recognized by England and France and the blockade has been removed. Mr. Herbert Hoover is of the opinion that this action will help conditions in Russia more than anything else. The Russians have been fooled into believing that the shortage of food in Russia was due to the blockade, when as a matter of fact it is due to the fact that Russia is without both money and credit. The removal of the blockade may encourage them to establish a responsible government and improve their credit.

Three States, Rhode Island, New Jersey and Connecticut will bear the shame of having been the only ones that tried to hold on to the legalized liquor traffic and failed to ratify the prohibition amendment to the Federal constitution. And yet, the cry was that the South was forcing prohibition on the North. The facts are that only three small States dared to be forced. The others, including the storm center—New York—joined in ramming prohibition down "Little Rhody's" throat.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

Ohio State Journal.

One argument against prohibition which has had some weight with honest-minded people, is this: That you cannot build up character in the individual by safeguarding against temptation. Character, in fact, is the ability to resist temptation. An untempted man does right because he has no inclination to do otherwise, and he may be weaker in moral fiber than the tempted man who sometimes falls but sometimes conquers.

There is something of truth in this, but more, we think, of fallacy. Heaven knows there is enough of temptation about us at best without our making it a special point to stick our heads into the lion's mouth to show how steadfast we are. We do not willingly surround our young sons with beautiful women or our young daughters with charming but evil men in our effort to build their characters true and strong. The world, it often seems, is fuller of chances to slip than of anything else and the character-builder need have no fear of lack of practice in overcoming, His surest salvation is in the protection which comes from noble associations. In companionships, in books, in all his chosen surroundings, and even at best he must fight almost constantly. The wisest of prayers for the character-builder is that he be not led into temptation.

CHILDREN IN SCHOOLS.

Raleigh News and Observer.

Child welfare workers in the State charged with the enforcement of the compulsory school attendance law enacted at the last session of the Genuer al Assembly, have discovered more children in the State than the census takers had any knowledge of declares Dr. E. C. Brooks State Superintendent of Public Instruction and in many counties the actual daily attendance in public schools exceeds the school census.

Dr. Brooks was moved to the assertion by the report from Iredell county by W. W. Holland, child welfare officer in that county, who told him that the attendance in Iredell was 30 per cent greater than in any previous year, and that the result had been attained without the prosecution of a single parent in the county. In many sections of the county he had found more children in school than the census takers had found when they took the school census.

In all of the 100 counties the results of the operation of the law have been the same as in Iredell. Dr. Brooks declares, and the one-teacher school has practically disappeared. The increased attendance has made it necessary to add one or more teachers to most such schools in the State. No exact figures are yet available as to the total enrollment in the public schools of the State, but the superintndent is confident that the total this year will go 35 per cent beyond last year.

ESTIMATES WORLD'S DEBT.

The National City Bank, of New York, estimates the world's debt at $200,000,000,000, compared with $40,000,000,000 in 1914.

Paper currency throughout the world increased 600 per cent. since 1914, while the gold reserve behind it increased only 40 per cent,. according to statistics compiled by the bank. The face value of paper currency of 30 principal countries, which totalled $7,250,000,000 in 1914. had increased to $40,000,000,000 at the time of the armistice and to $50,000,000,000 in December, 1919. exclusive of $34,000,000,000 issued by the Russian soviet government.

Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria show an advance in note circulation from $1,200,000,000 in 1914 to $12,300,000,000 at the close of the war and $18,770,000,000 in Deecember, 1919, the gold reserve falling from $600,000,000 in 1914 to $327,000,000 in 1919, the ratio of gold to notes declining from 49.7 per cent in 1914 to 5.4 per cent in November, 1918, and 1.7 per cent in December, 1919.

In the eight principal countries of the allies paper notes increased from $1,166,000,000 in 1914 to $2,420,000,000 in 1919, while the gold reserve increased from $516,000,000 to $1,450,000,000, a ratio of 44.3 in 1914 and 59.9 in 1919.

"Some of us find so much fault with other people simply because we find so little fault with ourselves."

GEMS OF THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY.

"Difficulties in the Christian path are really stepping-stones."

* * *

"The formula of civilization is liberty, limited by law."

* * *

"Christ did not die for sin that we might live to sin."

The best way to teach a virtue is to live it.—P. R. Frothingham.

* * *

The man who is not afraid of little sins will soon be a slave to big ones.—Ex.

* * *

"Great opportunities come to those who make use of small ones."

* * *

When one sticks right by wrong, wrong sticks right by one."

* * *

"Be bold, and your world is bold with you; give way, and it follows along."

* * *

"We may do things well for duty's sake, but it is love and loyalty that incites us to do our best."

* * *

The secret of success lies in the man and not in the stuff he works on.—Bradford Torrey.

* * *

You cannot build a reputation on the things you are going to do.—James J. Hill.

* * *

"Courage is the gift of God Wherever our faint - heartedness comes from, it is not from heaven. God's call to duty never brings shrinking cowardice with it."

* * *

Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact.—George Elliott.

To live well in the quiet routine of life; to fill a little space because God wills it; to go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties, little avocations; to smile for the joys of others when the heart is aching — who does this, his works will follow him. He may not be a hero to the world, but he is one of God's heroes.—Dean Farrar.

* * *

LEARNING WITHOUT TEARS

"Learning without tears"!—that is to say, without trouble. Industry and application of the mind—is no learning at all. No pains, no gains, says the adage.

Learning to spell phonetically would be a mere mechanical treadmill.

But for the exercise of intelligence and for drawing out the feeling of joy in the beautiful. there is no such instrument in the world as the acquisition of a real literary language.

Language was God's gift to man in Eden. Is its fragrance and exquisite structure to be now filched from the race by a coterie of busybodies and nobodies?—Exchange.

CRUSADE AGAINST DRESSING.

A dispatch from Paris, France, says the church crusade against short skirts and low-neck gowns continues. A notice posted on the door of one Paris house of worship reads:

"No woman will be allowed to attend service in the church whose dresses are cut low in the neck and whose skirts do not reach at least to their ankles."

Scathing sermons on the subject have been delivered in Paris' churches for some time. One priest refused to conduct the marriage service for a bride whose dress, in his opinion, showed too great a length of silk stocking and which was cut in such a way "as possibly to make it suitable for evening wear and certainly not fitted for a church." The wedding was postponed. Probably this was the first occasion of the postponement of a marriage ceremony for such a reason.

Parisian women say that this measure, if generally enforced, would compel every woman worshipper to have a special skirt to wear to church. Not necessarily if she wore decent ones through the week.

TWO IFS.

By Rudyard Kipling.

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs, and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting,
  Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise;

If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
  And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools;
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lòse, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart, and nerve, and sinew
  To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
  Except the deathless will that cries, "Hold on"!

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
  Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
  If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
  With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth, and everything that's in it,
  And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

—O—

THE TEACHER'S IF.

By R. J. Gale.

If you can take your dreams into the classroom,
  And always make them part of each day's work—
If you can face th countless, petty problems,
  Nor turn from them, nor ever try to shirk—
If you can live so that the child you work with
  Deep in his heart knows you to be a man—
If you can take "I can't"! from out his language
  And put in place a vigorous "I can"!

If you can take love with you to the classroom,
  And yet on firmness never close the door—
If you can teach a child the love of nature
  So that he helps himself to all her store—
If you can teach him life is what we make it,
  That he himself can be his only bar;
If you can tell him something of the heavens,
  Or something of the wonder of a star—

If you, with simple bits of truth and honor
  His better self occasionally reach—
And yet not overdo nor have him dub you
  As one who is inclined to over-preach;
If you impart to him a bit of liking
  For all the wondrous things we find in print—
Yet have himunderstand that to be happy,
  Play, exercise, fresh air he must not stint;

If you can give of all the best that's in you,
  And in the giving always happy be,
If you can find the good that's hidden somewhere
  Deep in the heart of every child you see—
If you can do these things and all the others
  That teachers everywhere do every day—
You're in the work that you were surely meant for;
  Take hold of it! Know it's your place, and stay!

COTTON.

What a royal plant it is. The world waits attendance on its growth. The shower that falls whispering on its leaves is heard around the earth. The sun that shines upon it is tempered by the prayers of all people. The frost that chills it, and the dew that descends from the stars are noted, and the trespass of a little worm on its green leaf is more to England than the advance of the Russian colorts or her Asiatic outposts. It is gold from the instant it puts forth its tiny shoot Its fiber is current in every bank; and when, loosing its fleces to the sun, it floats a sunny banner that glorifies the fields of the humble farmer, that man is marshaled under a flag that will compel the allegiance of the world and wring a subsidy from every nation of the earth. It is the heritage that God gave to this people forever as their own .when He arched our skies, established our mountains, girt us about with the ocean, loosed the breezes, tempered the sunshine and measured the rain, ours and our children's forever—as princely a talent as ever came from His hand to mortal stewardship.—Henry W. Grady.

WOULD RESTRICT MOVIES.

Senator Gore has introduced in the Senate a bill that would make it unlawful to bring into this country, or to transport from one State to another in the United States, or to send out of this country to another country

"any picture, film, moving picture film or films, or other representations purporting to show or to simulate the acts or conduct of any ex-convict, desperado, bandit, train robber, bank robber or outlaw, or of any person reputed or represented to have been convicted of crime or to be or to have been a desperado, bandit, train robber, bank robber, or outlaw, in the commission or atempted commission of any crime or acts of violence, or in escape or flight of any such person from the alleged scene of any such purported crime or attempted crime, or act of violence, or of the trial in court or otherwise of any such person."

For violation of this law, if law it becomes, Senator Gore would provide punishment by fine not exceeding $10,000 or imprisonment not exceeding five years, or both. The same penalty would be imposed for sending any like films through the United States mail.

PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.

Rev. W. T. Walker, Superintendent-Treasurer.
Barium Springs, N. C.

Notice: All money and supplies should be forwarded to the Superintendent. The sender of packages should write his or her name plainly on the package.

Teaching Course in "Happy Marriages."

It is stated in a dispatch from Lincoln, Neb., that two full semester's work in "happy marriages" is a required course for all co eds at Cotner university, a denominational college of the Christian church in Bethany, a suburb of Lincoln.

The girls first study the relationship of boys and girls before engagement and the effect of conversation, conduct and amusements on co-sex life. Then they study the significance of engagements, what topics engaged couples should discuss, expressions of endearment, the significance of late hours and the so-called "spooning."

As a result of the course the girls in the present year class have ruled against low-necked and sleeveless dresses, but have approved short skirts as tending to graceful appearance and unimpeded movement.

In the study of babies during the last semester, the girls have found by statistics that four children make up an ideal family—two to take the place of the father and mother, and two to allow for deaths and to add to the race.

Of the 46 girls in last year's classes, 36 named "love" and "a cozy fireplace" as the two requisites of a happy married life.

The courses have become so popular that the men have asked for a similar course.

Changes in President Wilson's Cabinet.

David Franklin Houston, of St. Louis, Mo., who has been secretary of agriculture since the beginning of the Wilson administration, is given the treasury portfolio, and Edwin L. Meredith, of Des Moines, Ia., is named to succeed him as head of the department of agriculture.

Mr. Meredith is the editor of "Successful Farming" and before establishing that paper was publisher of the "Farmers' Tribune." He is president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, a director of the Chicago Federal reserve bank and was one of the excess profits advisors of the treasury department appointed in 1917.

Meantime Mr. Houston will succeed Mr. Glass who will take his seat in the Senate to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Martin, of Virginia, after serving as secretary of the treasury for a little more than a year.

When Secretary Lane passes out of the cabinet only four of the President's original official family will remain. Besides Mr. Houston they are Secretary Daniels, of the navy department; Secretary Wilson, of the labor department, and Postmaster-General Burleson.

Mr. Wilson has had two secretaries of State—W. J. Bryan and Robert Langing; two secretaries of war—Lindley M. Garrison and Newton D. Baker; three attorney generals—Jas. Clark McReynolds, now an associate justice of the Supreme court; Thomas Watt Gregory and A. Mitchell Palmer; two secretaries of commerce—William C. Redfield and Joshua W. Alexander, and three secretaries of the treasury—William G. McAdoo, Carter Glass and David F. Houston.

The Crimes Charged Against the Kaiser.

The supreme council's note to the Dutch government asking that the former German emperor be given up to the allies under article 227 of the Versailles treaty for trial, points out that if the former emperor had remained in Germany he would have been delivered up under the same conditions by the German government.

"Among so many crimes," the note recalls the "cynical violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg: the barbarous system of hostages, massed deportations, systematic devastation without military reasons, the submarine war," and declares: "For all of which acts responsibility, at least moral, reaches the supreme chief, who ordered them or abused his unlimited powers to break, or permit others to break, the most sacred rules of human conscience." "The powers cannot conceive" it adds, that the Netherlands would regard with less reprobation than themselves the immense responsibility weighing upon the ex-emperor. Holland would not be fulfilling her international duty if she refused to associate herself with other nations, so far as she is able, to prosecute, or at least not impede the punishment of crimes committed."

The note points out that it is the duty of the powers to insure execution of article 227 without entering into argument.

DRIVING TOO FEW MULES.

Greensboro Daily News.

"One of the causes of the present underproduction is that so many people are driving automobiles instead of driving mules," observed Governor Bickett yesterday afternoon while spending a short time in Greensboro. He was en route from Raleigh to Tuskegee, Ala., where he will deliver an address at a race conference.

The Governor had just been questioned by a representative of the Daily News in regard to the general upward trend of price levels. He declared himself not a pessimist as to the outcome, as he had great faith in the common-sense of the American people, but he could not refrain from uttering a note of warning against certain tendencies towards disruption of the economic fabric.

While Governor Bickett would not predict a panic and resultant smashing of prices, he emphasized the idea that there is grave danger of serious consequences unless people pay more attention to the production of food and feedstuffs. Referring to the cotton acreage reduction movement, he voiced the belief that a negative course usually offers less hope of profitable results than a positive one; he was impelled to express the conviction that if sufficient attention were given to the production of food and feeds no one need be concerned as to the possibility of overproduction of cotton and tobacco in North Carolina.

"If the people in the cotton and tobacco belts produce their own food and feed crops," said the Governor, "they cannot possibly produce too much cotton and tobacco, but, on the other hand, if they fail to produce their own food and feed crops they cannot fail to produce too much cotton and tobacco and they will have less money at the end of the year than if the former policy obtains general recognition. With ample food and feedstuffs most of the revenue from the so-called money crops will be velvet."

Continuing, the Governor declared that if there ever was a time in the history of North Carolina when the people should raise their own food crops that time is now.

At the same time he pointed out that proper attention to these matters would tend to lower the cost of living and would largely stabilize the economic fabric. He recalled that all wars had been followed by periods of disarrangement of industrial and economic affairs, and naturally so. But the great and indomitable law of supply and demand certainly will function with potent effect finally.

The Governor had been pained to observe farmers in North Carolina going into the market for the purchase of western meats, for example, bidding against the city fellows and forcing prices upward both for themselves and the urban folk.

Happily however, such instances are less common than in former years. Governor Bickett remembered that since 1910 "we have climbed from the 32nd State to the fourth State in the value of the stuff we produce on our lands."

Here his eyes twinkled merrily and he continued: "Yet some people claim that our land values haven't increased." Obviously he was thinking of some of the things that opponents of revaluation and of other tax reforms are saying.

OLD-FASHIONED DANCES.

Old - fashioned keep-your-distance dances, are to displace the modern jazz steps, if the nation-wide reform movement undertaken by the American national association of masters of dancing proves successful.

The dancing masters, it is announced in New York count upon the support of mothers, fathers, daughters, sons, dance hall proprietors, dancing teachers and hostesses—and if necessary the police department—to exterminate the "half Nelson," "body hold," "shimmy lock," and other imported ballroom grips which are practiced by some dancers.

Cheap and vulgar music is also to come under the ban and, according to a circular just issued by the association, those in charge of community or public dances are urged to show their opposition to undesirable dances by distributing "You will please leave the hall" cards to those who persist in offending.

The women, it is charged, are often as much to blame as their partners and, in some cases, dance hall proprietors are advised to pick out 10 or a dozen objectionable couples and, if a warning is disregarded, to oust them at once.

KILLED BY AUTOMOBILES.

Raleigh News and Observer.

One hundred and sixty people were killed in automobile acidents in North Carolina last year. More than two people died every week in the State as a result of accidents that might have been prevented. In 1918 there were 105 deaths as a result of automobile accidents.

Forsyth county led the State in the number killed, with a total of twelve. Mecklenburg county takes second place with a count of ten, and Wake third, with seven deaths from automobile accidents. Buncombe county had six deaths and Guilford five. The figures are taken from the records of the State department of health.

LAUGH--*and* the World Laughs with you

"GEESE IS A BIRD—," BUT READ A ST. LOUIS BOY'S ESSAY!

Johnny Trueheart, twelve, in the fourth grade of the St. Louis public schools, may never make a Shakespeare or Milton. But Johnny can write a good composition on "geese." At least the judges in a composition - writing contest think so, and awarded him the first prize for his efforts on the subject. Here is the effusion which took the prize:

"Geese is a heavy-set bird with a head on one side and a tail on the other. His feet is set so far back on his running gear that they nearly miss his body. Some geese is ganders and has a curl on his tail.

"Ganders don't lay or set. They just eat, loaf, and go swimming. If I had to be a geese I would rather be a gander. Geese do not give milk, but give eggs, but for me, give me liberty or give me death"!

* * *

He sighted along the barrel, aimed at a bird away in the distance, and pulled the trigger. A loud bang! and the sportsman ran forward. When he reached the neighborhood of where the bird had been he saw something hopping around in the long grass. He picked up a frog and remarked with pride: "Not such a bad shot for an amateur. I didn't kill him, but I certainly knocked all the feathers off him"!—Boys' Life For December.

* * *

A little girl in the first grade was asked by her father how to spell rat. When she had spelled it, he asked her if she could spell mouse. "Of course I can, father! You spell it just the same way, only with little letters."—Exchange.

* * *

"To that man we owe our new jail."

"Some local philanthropist"?

"Not exactly. He kept breaking out of the old one."

* * *

"My husband never forgets to mail my letters," said Mrs. Gabb.

"He must be a wonderful man"! commentd Mrs. Naybor.

"No, he isn't," replied Mrs. Gabb; "I know him, and I mail my own letters."

* * *

Maud — So you wrote an anonymous letter to Jack's wife, telling he rabout his goings-on?

Kate — An anonymous letter? Certainly not! I wouldn't be guilty of such a mean thing. I signed a name to it — fictitious of course!

* * *

Father woke up very angry. Tommy had got up early to test father's new gun.

"I'm sorry, dad," said Tommy; "I didn't mean to wake you. I pulled the trigger as easy as I could."—Boys' Life for December.

* * *

"What zone is this we live in? You may answer, James," said the teacher.

"Temperate zone."

"Right"! said the teacher; "Now, what is meant by a 'temperate zone'"?

"It's a place where it's freezin' cold in winter and sizzlin' hot in summer"!—Ex.

* * *

Dean Jones, of Yale, is credited with this definition of freedom of speech: "The liberty to say what you think without thinking what you say."—Chicago Tribune.

ANOTHER OFFER OF $100,000

The General Education Board of New York (the Rockerfeller Foundation) has offered to Davidson College $100,000 on a $500,000 fund.

This means that we must get at least $400,000 from our Million Dollar Campaign for Davidson to secure this offer. Four hundred thousand is Davidson's part of the million. In other words:

WE MUST GO OVER THE TOP FOR A MILLION HERE IN NORTH CAROLINA

When we raise the million then twon offers become binding to be added to the million:

The above offer for - - $100,000.
Mr. C. E. Graham's offer for - $ 60,000.

THIS IS A PRIZE WORTH WORKING FOR——$160,000

Remember that three-fourths at least of what we are getting is not binding unless we secure the total.

Winston-Salem will be asked to endow a Chair at Davidson, $50,000. Wilmington will be asked to do the same. Greensboro will be asked to erect at Davidson a Dormitory, $75,000. (This will be known as Greenbsoro or Guilford Hall and a tablet will indicate the amount invested by each church in the community.)

Everybody is investing in this Campaign for Christian Education; the working girl is giving and the wealthy are giving.--We have come now to the time when it would be discreditable for Presbyterian not to take a part.

OUR TOTAL TO DATE IS $705,000 Pledged—$295,000 MORE TO GET BY MARCH FIRST

Let us make this a victory that will set the whole Church on fire.

The Million Dollar Campaign Committee
A. M. SCALES, Chairman R. G. VAUGHN, Treasurer
C. M. RICHARDS, Secretary.
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

Brady Printing Co.
Statesville, N. C.

ESTABLISHED 1874

We want you to think of us when Printing comes to your mind.

In the business for 46 years ought to be long enough to give us some idea of the business, and what good Printing is.

We have an Up-To-Date plant, and feel sure you could not place your orders for printing to anyone who will take more pains to give you——

PRINTING THAT PLEASES

Write us when you want that next job of Printing.

Remember we sell all kinds of——
OFFICE SUPPLIES
LOOSE LEAF LEDGERS
BLANK BOOKS, ETC.

Short Stories for the Young People

BE TRUE.

By Arch. Huneycutt.

Be true! The world has more deceit
That it has room to hold;
Be true when demons tempt your feet
To stray. The Saints of old
Were only men, like you and me;
But what, today, would this world be
If they had failed, same as we do?
Be true!

Be true! The future may depend
Upon the stand you take;
Be true! The coming age's trend
Hangs on the fight you make;
Some toiler far a-down the road
Shall want your help to bear his load,
His courage will depend on you!
Be true!

Be true! Be true! The cause of Christ
Depends on human aid;
Be true! Fulfill the sacred tryst
Your better self has made
With generations yet unborn;
Break not the faith, lest they be shorn
Of half the strength that is their due!
Be true!

HOW THE FIRST BOOKS WERE MADE.

After the fall of the Roman empire, and after the time of Charlemagne, at the beginning of the Middle Ages, the olden-time books were forgotten by most men then living. Even so, some copies of the old books were saved, and one kind of book-making went on as usual. This was the making of wonderful copies of the Bible and writings of the early Church fathers in the monasteries. Every monastery had its own little publishing department. The place in the monastery where the monks worked at book-making was called the Scriptorium, and it was only the older monks who were trusted to do this kind of work.

The copies of the Bible and—in fact all the books in those days—had leaves of parchment and the printing was, of course, all done by hand by the use of a stylus. These exquisite pages were illuminated in colors, and in every book there were beautiful, painted illustrations. Many of the hand-made books are still in existence and are carefully preserved in both private and public libraries and museums. When one is sold, it brings a fabulous price.

Often many monks used to work at the same time in copying a book. They tell us that one monk would read aloud while twenty others copied on parchment sheets what he read; thus twenty copies of the same book would be in process of making at the same time. It was not the custom to make copies of the Bible in this way, because the Bible did not sell so readily as smaller, less costly books.

We are told, too, that the most beautiful copies of the Scriptures were made by monks who for years worked alone in their cells, printing by hand, painting and illuminating the precious pages, all for the glory of God.—Epworth Herald.

CHICKEN WITH HEAD OFF.

It's odd, but the calmest man in the world will become a nervous wreck when he tries to catch a train that is on the verge of departure. A man, who will walk with self possession through all kinds of ordeals and nerve-racking trials, will lose his nerve every time and become an excited, frantic madman when he makes a dash for a train that is about to leave hir

The other morning I was standin inside the ticket window at the dep when a man, Smith was probably h name, dashed to the window and de manded transportation for himself an his family to Napoleon, Missouri (there really is such a place for I look ed it up on the map). A wife an several children waited in the back ground. It was then time for the train, and it takes some minutes t route a man's ticket to Napoleon, Missouri, get all the rates, et cetera But two whole tickets and a half-tick et or two must be arranged. The ticket agent worked frantically, and gradually increasing crowd of would be travelers lined up behind Smith and impatiently watched the transaction

I went outside, and presently I saw the train coming. I said to a friend of mine, "Come on, let's go inside and watch the Smiths hurry." And the Smiths were hurrying. Mr. Smith was finishing the last nervous transactions of his ticket buying, thrusting the tickets in his pocket and dropping the change. He seized with one hand a big suitcase, with the other a neat little basket which I am sure contained food for the children to munch on the journey. He left the waiting room followed by his frantic wife with her hands full of children.

"Mommer," he beseeched, "Get on the train." "Oh no, popper," she said, "I'm afraid you'll get left." Popper with the little basket and big suitcase sped to the baggage room. He astonished the baggage agent by plumping down the little basket before him and saying, "Check this to Napoleon, Missouri." He ran away with the big suitcase in his hand. The baggage agent asked me if I didn't think the man made a mistake, tha he meant to check the suitcase and carry the basket. Until this day I think so.

Smith did get Mrs. Smith aboard as the train was threatening to leave.

The bystanders were beginning to heave a sigh of relief when suddenly it was discovered that the departing parents had left one of their offspring standing bleakly in the waiting room. Yes, there was the little fellow, a bit dazed by all the excitement, patiently waiting for his excited relatives to come and claim him. The litle boy was thrust on the train in the nick of time, and the Smith family was safely on its way to Napoleon, Missouri.

EARTHQUAKES LAST YEAR.

Four hundred and sixty - eight earthquakes were felt sensibly in various parts of the world during 1919. Of that number, 97 were felt in the United States, but there was no loss of life or serious damage to property from those in this country. Of the earthquakes occurring in other parts of the world, loss of life was recorded in that of April 28 in San Salvador and one on June 29 in Florence, Italy.

Eighty of the 97 earth shocks recorded in the United States were reported from California. The remainder were felt in various parts of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Kentucky, Arkansas, Utah, Arizona, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Tennessee, Washington, Virginia, New Jersey and Michigan, all reported shocks during the year.

BEFORE THE OPERATION.

You have always had an uncanny horror of hospitals. Therefore you would have been very unhappy if your family had come to you in your usual state of good health and told you that you must spend three weeks in one of the institutions. But when they broke the news to you, you were beset by the demons of pain that go with an acute attack of appendicitis and any relief from those demons was welcome.

Back in those balmy days when you had tripped over to the hospital to see a sick friend, the occasion had been unpleasant enough. Somehow the odor of medicines floating about the halls had worried you. You sat uneasily on the edge of your chair impressed with the tragedy of the suffering that was contained in the walls of the building. The nurses walked about softly as though they went on unhappy errands. The place got on your nerves.

But the day they took you to the hospital your poor body was a house of pain, black pain that drove from your mind everything but the thought of relief, even the relief that death would bring. The suffering of other folks did not weigh on your mind just then. The soft-stepping nurses were mere blurs of white as they glided about. The preparations that were going on about you were nothing to you. The grief of your family, the tragedy of this sudden terrible thing that had come upon you mattered not to you. Pain as black as night dominated your body, your mind, your very soul. There was nothing else in the universe so far as you were concerned.

And then some Angel of Mercy bent over you and gave you relief from the agony that had possessed you. The drugs taking effect, you were able to understand the kind-faced man who told you that probably you would die soon, that if you wanted to arrange your little house of life before you quitted it, you had best do so now. Shortly there would be the operating table and probably the end of things for you. You had not lived so very long, but you had enjoyed each brief year. Maybe you had kept your little house of life a bit carelessly, in happy-go-lucky style, but you had never done anything so wicked as to make you sorry now. Brought abruptly face to face with the end of life you felt an unexpected calm. Maybe it was your conscience, more probably it was the drug the Angel of Mercy had administered. The kind-faced man asked you again was there anything you wanted to speak about before they gave you the anaesthetic. He had profound pity in his eyes as he looked at you. Dimly you wondered why he pitied you, probably because he was sorry to see a young person about to die. However, you did not feel that you deserved pity. Obediently you searched your mind, which of your fond hopes, your lost ambitions, your pet dreams should you speak of now. It was odd but the one thing that worried your peace of mind, the only matter you wanted adjusted was this thing which you told the waiting physician, the day before this sudden illness had seized you, you had been fooling around in your flower garden, digging with your bare fingers among some tiny plants. You had taken from your finger your best beloved ring, an emblem of your college days, and laid it on a little rock among some hollyhocks. And now it might be lost forever if you didn't tell somebody its secret hiding place before you left this world. You wanted your mother to go out in the garden right away and get your ring. Yes, that was all. And you gave yourself up to the sweet inertia that invaded your soul.

Now it was the operating table and the ether. It was with the first whiffs of the anaesthetic that the inertia left you. And you fought for your life as you had never dreamed you would want to fight for life. You saw in those brief minutes how precious the future was to you, there were so many wonderful things that must happen before you died. And all the while you felt the powerful anaesthetic overcoming you and snatching your life away. You were not afraid of that mysterious world you must enter by yourself if you died. It was not the nearness of that other world and its mystery and its loneliness that made you struggle against this terrible giant that fought you. It was a love of life, the sweet things of this world. You did not want to give up the wonderful years ahead of you, you did not want to leave the pleasant folks you loved. You wanted to live, and you fought for life with your whole mind. You told your brain that it must never give up to this smothering demon, never, never would you give up. Looking back upon that struggle, you realize now that it was a valiant struggle. But at last the demon, which was really a merciful god in the garb of a demon, won the day and you lost consciousness.

But the kind God, who must have pitied you in your fight for life, let you live.

By a vote of 9 to 5, the Senate military committee approves provisions providing for compulsory military training for boys between 18 and 21 years inslusive, and orders a favorable report upon the army reorganization bill.

TAKE NOTICE!

The wonderful Barium Rock Spring is now owned and operated by the Presbyterian Orphans' Home. The Water has cured hundreds of cases of Eczema, and is known to have **RELIEVED OTHER DISEASES!**

Special Low Price

Price: Ten gallons, $2, F. O. B.,, Barium Springs, N. C.

The demijohns remain our property, **AND ARE TO BE RETURNED WITHIN THIRTY DAYS!**

Do You SUFFER?

FROM ECZEMA, STOMACH TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM, INDIGESTION OR BLOOD POISON!

Then Read the Testimonials of People who have used

Barium Rock Spring Water

SUCCESSFULLY

Charlotte, N. C., Feb. 22, 1916.
Barium Springs Company, Barium Springs, N. C.:

Gentlemen: After suffering for three years with my stomach and bowels and some eruption of the skin, I was persuaded, about November 15th, to use Barium Springs Water. After using fifteen gallons the skin cleared up, my appetite was increased and my digestion so much improved that I can eat anything I want. I am gaining from a half to one pound per day. I give credit to the wonderful Barium Springs water.

I am glad to give this testimonial and hope that others may be benefited as I have been.

Yours very truly,

MRS. K. H. C.

Letter No. 2 From Mrs. K. C.

Charlotte, N. C., April 12, 1916.
Barium Springs Company, Barium Springs, N. C.:

Gentlemen: Since writing you on February 22d, my improvement has gradually progressed. I weigh 33 pounds more than I did in January **AND AM FEELING FINE!**

At the request of my physician and some of my friends, and as a last resort, I began to use this water. The results have been remarkable. When I began to use the water, November 15, 1915, I was in the hospital and very weak and emaciated and unable to digest my food. Yesterday I walked **FOURTEEN BLOCKS AND AM ABLE TO ATTEND TO MY HOUSEHOLD DUTIES!**

I take great pleasure in recommending the water to all who have had stomach trouble and skin trouble as I have had.

Yours very truly,

MRS. K. H. C.

Charlotte, N. C., Dec. 29, 1915.
Barium Springs Company, Barium Springs, N. C.:

Gentlemen: After suffering for some time from Rheumatism, I visited Hot Springs, Ark., last February and took a course of twenty-one baths. I returned home still suffering from Rheumatism and began the use of mineral waters.

In May my attention was called to the Barium Rock Spring water by one of my sisters, who had been greatly relieved by this water. I then began the use of the Barium water and continued it until October, and secured **GREATER RELIEF FROM IT THAN FROM ANYTHING ELSE I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FIND!**

Yours very truly,

C. W. SHUMAN.

Send all orders to

PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME,
Barium Springs, N. C.